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BY ELI D. AKE.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY AND TRUTH.

TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, In Advance

VOLUME XLII.

IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1908

NUMBER 29

JOB - WORK

Best equipped job print-
ing establishment in
Southeast Missouri. In-
sure satisfaction. Prices
reasonable.

TRY US.

LESSON LEARNED FROM ORIENT.

Western Nations Appreciate the Value
of Their Forests.

Scientific men speculate to the ef-
fect that the boundless desert of Sa-
hara was once a garden supporting a
mighty population and doubtless the
seat of what was then human civiliza-
tion. There is authentic history for
it that the region called Mesopotamia
was the granary of the east and the
center of human endeavor when Cyrus
the Great was king, but it is now a
desert waste, and owls and bats in-
habit the ruins of Babylon because of
the denudation of the forests of that
once splendid country. Spain paid a
bigger price for the havoc she wrought
among the trees of the valley of the
Guadalquivir than the Berber invasion
and the Moorish dominion cost her.
The nations of western Europe—
England, France and Germany—ap-
pear to have learned the lesson and
profited by it. In those countries tim-
ber culture is as much a regular crop
as potatoes in Michigan, corn in Iowa,
tobacco in Kentucky, or cotton in Mis-
sissippi, and in at least one of those
countries it is the law of the land
that for every tree felled another must
be planted, and no tree is felled un-
til it has attained to its zenith as a
plant.

FOILET SIMPLE BUT THOROUGH.

Little Time Wasted on Morning's Ab-
lutions of Niger Baby.

Matrons of the west may be inter-
ested to hear the details of the Nigeri-
an native baby's morning toilet. Any-
thing over three months old is no longer
a "baby" to the native mater-
familias, and is bathed with the other
children (generally a numerous
brood), in the chill morning air before
sunrise. The little mite yells lustily
while the cold water is splashed over
its brown body, and generally contin-
ues the chorus when put aside to
dry (towels do not form part of the
household equipment). The bathing
process finished, the infants are sub-
jected to a sort of water cure treat-
ment. The mother seizes a child,
scoops up a handful of water, and
using her thumb as a kind of spout,
squirts it with extraordinary dexterity
into the youngster's mouth and down
its throat. Protests in the shape of
loud gurgles, horrible chokings, and
desperate strugglings are quite un-
needed; the steady stream of water
continues to pour down the child's
throat until the mother's practiced
touch on the patient's distended stom-
ach tells her that the limit of capac-
ity has been reached. All babies are
submitted to this treatment, which is
believed to have a most strengthening
effect.

SOME LONG-WINDED PREACHERS.

Three Hours Once Considered Fair
Average Allowance for a Sermon.

Dean Lefroy, who has expressed the
opinion that ten minutes is long
enough for a sermon, would have met
with scant sympathy from some di-
vines of past centuries.
Thomas Hooker considered three
hours a fair average allowance for a
sermon, though, on one occasion, when
he was ill, he let his congregation off
more lightly. Pausing at the end of
15 minutes he rested a while and then
continued his homily for two hours
longer. Cranmer's sermons were each
a small book when set up in type;
and Baxter, Knox, Bunyan and Calvin
rarely reached "Lastly, my brethren,"
under two hours.

George Herbert once said: "The
parson exceeds not an hour in preach-
ing, because all ages have thought
that a competency," but a certain
rector of Bilbury, Gloucestershire,
was of another opinion, for he never
sat down under two hours. The squires,
we learn, usually withdrew after the
text was announced, smoked his pipe
outside and returned for the blessing.

ONE THING SHE WAS SURE OF.

Child's Impolite Comment Justified by
Visitor's Behavior.

When Carol was nearly four years
old her parents had occasion to move
into another part of town, and one
morning when a strange little girl
wandered into the yard Carol, who is
an only child, was delighted with the
idea of a playfellow.
"Good morning, little girl," she
called out brightly. "Did you come
to play with me?"
The little girl, who was older and
larger than Carol, stared and was
stumb.
"What's your name, little girl?"
Carol proceeded.
No answer.
"Are you five?"
Still no answer.
"Are you six?"
The child giggled and grinned, but
remained silent with her finger in her
mouth.
Carol surveyed her calmly a mo-
ment and then remarked emphatic-
ally: "Well, I don't know your name,
and I don't know how old you are,
but I do know you aren't very smart
for your age!"—Delineator.

Women and Morals.

We hope that women who claim
their rights will use them soberly and
well. It is of ill omen that most of
the novels that throw morality to the
winds and picture vicious living in
seductive colors are an exercise of free-
dom and self realization are written
by women. Women are the natural
custodians of a high moral standard,
and if they lower the standard they
will fall themselves and drag men
down with them.—Christian World.

The Summer Residences In Arcadia Valley.



"MOUNTAIN VIEW"—RESIDENCE OF MR. R. D. LEWIS.

It is now more than fifty-two
years since I first set foot in
Arcadia Valley. Boy as I then
was, its quiet beauty impressed
me, and each succeeding year has
enhanced the feeling of love and
admiration so long ago born to
my consciousness. As of yester-
day is the recollection of my first
view of College street, Arcadia,
as I gained the summit of the
elevation now called Fort Hill. At
that time the road between Shep-
herd Valley (later, Ironton) and
Arcadia ran where now lies the
thoroughfare leading to Frederick-
town, until it crossed Stout's creek.
Then it bore to the south, over
Fort Hill, into the village, which,
that bright September morning,
lay in the tempered sun quiet and
peaceful, nestled beneath the sur-
rounding mountains—seemingly
secure from the strife and hurry of
the outer world. The grounds of
the old Seminary then, as now,
terminated the street to the south,
and at one sweep the eye took in
the whole of the view. I do not
pretend to describe it, but if the
mind were a reproductive camera
what a pleasing picture might be
given! The wood-framed, wide-
winged Seminary building has
been replaced with the massive and
elegant brick structures of the Ar-
cadia College and Chapel; the vil-
lage has grown into a town; the
roar of trains and the screaming
signals of the iron horse, "bound
down with hoops of steel," awaken
the erstwhile silent echoes; but the
old air of restfulness has not de-
parted from all the Valley, nor are
its native charms evanescent.

Its mountain landscape painted by the sun
When in the spring with verdure clad,
Or autumn decks its woods in varied tints,
Is bright with life or sweetly sad.
And clothed in winter's garb of spotless snow,
Its trees bowed down beneath the white
The star-lit clouds have softly sifted down,
Down through the sombre veil of night:
Through all, the scene is fair to look upon,
Exalts the soul of him who views
Its changing beauties as they come and go—
With nobler thought his mind imbues!
For 'tis an opened page in Nature's book,
Fair writ in God's own loving hand
In lines of light, and dull indeed were he
Who could not read and understand!

This may be rhapsody, but it is
truth nevertheless, and for many
years I have held abiding faith
that ultimately Arcadia Valley
must become a summer resort for
city people seeking rational enjoy-
ment and recreation rather than
the show and turmoil of the "fash-
ionable" watering-place; of men
and women with minds to under-
stand and hearts to desire the bet-
ter part. That faith is being just-
ified, as the number of elegant and
costly summer homes established
here during the later years demon-
strates. Among these is that of Mr.
R. D. Lewis, designated "Mountain
View," completed last spring. He
is a prominent factor in the Amer-
ican Tobacco Company, having
charge of the St. Louis plant of
that corporation, and is well pro-
vided with this world's goods.
During this first year's occupancy
of his new possession, it has, with
each succeeding day, grown in the
affections of himself and all the
household.

It was in 1906 that Mr. Lewis
purchased the property known as
the Langdon Farm, situated about
one mile southeast of Ironton. He
immediately set about making of it
a retreat from the cares and worries
of business when the torrid season
heats the city's brick and iron and
mortar to the verge of endurance.
The tract contains 160 acres of field
and woodland, and is amply sup-

plied with living springs of pure
water. On the elevated site of the
old Langdon dwelling the new
structure stands—the old, as is the
eternal fact, giving place to the
new and going to the rear. The
former is now the tenant's dwell-
ing. The plans for the mansion
and its accessory buildings which
now grace the "Mountain View"
domain were drawn by Mr. F. C.
Bonseck, the well-known St. Louis
architect, and bids for the work so-
licited. Mr. Chas. J. Tual of Iron-
ton secured the contract, and in
due course the keys to the new
buildings were delivered to the
owner. About twelve months were
required to complete the work.
That it was honestly and skillfully
and satisfactorily done, we have
the testimony of the architect as
well as of him who footed the bills.

The main building is 40x50 feet
in dimensions, and is three stories
high, not including the basement
or cellar. On three sides—north,
east and west—extends a porch
twelve feet wide. It is old-fash-
ioned in its comfortable propor-
tions, but so constructed as to
make it a tasteful adjunct to the
habitation it in part encloses.

The first story contains the din-
ing-room, reception hall, library,
parlor, rear hall, kitchen and pan-
try. Also, on the eastern porch
a screened luncheon enclosure. The
rooms are finished in ivory-white,
with quarter-sawn oak floors, and
artistic mantels to large fire-places
decorate the parlor, dining-room
and library. The latter is furnis-
hed with a plenitude of book-cases
"built in," as also is the china-
closet in the dining-room. The
pantry is numerously shelved, with
lockers and other belongings. It
also contains a special locked com-
partment whose interest pertains
solely to the host—and his guests.
His holdings, "atune us," are li-
quidiferous; so to speak. My knowl-
edge thereof is not at second-hand.

A grand oaken staircase, some-
what of the colonial style, leads to
the second story, to which are al-
lotted six bedrooms and two bath-
rooms, with halls and lavatories.
Finish, same as first floor.

The third story contains the ser-
vants' quarters, two large bed-
rooms, bath and trunk room, and
a fair proportion of the numerous
closets with which the whole house
is furnished. Finished in the nat-
ural wood.

The underground floor or cellar
is occupied with furnace, acetylene
gas plant, wine vault, and all the
usual appliances to the comfort
and well-being of the household.
The furnishings of the living-
rooms are in accord with the good
taste and the luxury that pervade
the establishment—not ostenta-
tious, but home-like and comfort-
able. The house is fitted for gas
and electric lights, and is supplied
by the pneumatic system with
water from a large flowing spring
about one hundred yards distant.

In addition to the family dom-
icile are, the laundry—an ample
stone structure—the tenant's house
of two stories, with modern con-
veniences, the stables, floored with
granitoid and constructed with
regard to the wants of the noble
quadrupeds in the several stalls.
Water flows everywhere, on the
turn of the faucet. A 300-gallon
cistern and 50-ft. tower supply the
laundry.

The lawn fronting the mansion is
terraced and granitoid walks lead
in all directions. Shrubbery and
flowers adorn the premises sparsely

now, but with the coming years it
is the purpose of the owner to so
beautify the surroundings that the
eye shall linger with delight upon
them.

"Mountain View" is aptly nam-
ed. Standing upon the "observa-
tory" one sees to the north Pilot's
pointed peak, and to the west
Shepherd's curving crest, while
the horizon south and east is form-
ed by distant mountain ranges of
varying height. The Arcadia Val-
ley, in undulation and lesser bill,
with modest home and stately ed-
ifice, verdant field and sheltering
grove, is spread before the gaze.
Mine eyes have beheld many a
scene in other lands, but none
fairer than this. May its contem-
plation continue to give pleasure
to the Lewises for many a year!

Hard to please? Well, yes, if
you can't find it at Lopez's.

ARNOLD'S "GONDOLAS" IN SIGHT.

Sunk by Him in Lake Champlain.
They Can Be Seen on the Bottom.

Parkman's history describes the
"gondolas" which Benedict Arnold de-
stroyed on Lake Champlain when he
was forced to retreat before superior
British forces in 1776. The wreckage
may still be seen on a calm day at
the bottom of Arnold's bay. A sojour-
ner in that region thus describes a
recent visit to the bay:

"The water is lower in the lake
than the oldest inhabitants can re-
member. It has gone down six feet
since June. We found one of the
"gondolas." These were evidently stout,
wide boats, very large and strong, pro-
pelled by oars, as the two oak ribs
sticking up from the keel of the one
we discovered plainly showed. These
ribs are about five or six inches thick.
"After a long struggle we sawed off
a piece with two rusty nails in it;
nails that are really large spikes. As
the water is about seven feet deep
and the top of the ridge was at its
two feet below the surface, the task
of sawing about a foot off was heroic.
It is hard oak, now quite black.

"There were already six saw cuts
in the piece we secured. Some other
travelers had been at it and had got
discouraged, which is not surpris-
ing."

Fined for Kissing Her Mother.

The Moscow correspondent of the
Novosti states that Mlle. Trefloff, the
famous Russian actress, has just
been fined ten rubles for kissing her
mother on a train car. It appears that
both in Moscow and St. Petersburg
it is unlawful to give kisses in public.
A kiss in the street being penalized by
a fine of seven rubles, ten rubles be-
ing the fine inflicted on those who
practice osculations in railway trains
or in train cars. A recent enactment
even renders persons who send decla-
rations of love on post cards liable
to a fine of five rubles.

Committing Music.

"Shall I play a little tune for you?"
she asked her caller when the conver-
sation had run low.
"Oh, no, thank you," he said, quick-
ly. "Music always makes me sad."
"I play very well," she sighed, "but
what's the use? Nobody ever lets me
play. One friend who called on me
ran to the piano stool and sat on it
himself. If you must commit music,"
he cried, "it will be over my dead
body!"

A Star on Stars.

He was one of the leading actors of
America—of international fame—and
he was talking off guard.
"Women certainly have the best of
it on the stage," he said, "although
they may not always think so. What-
ever a man attains in the dramatic
profession he must toil for, but a wom-
an with a little bit of talent can make
a hit if she has a pretty face or figure
that will place her in a brief time and
almost without labor in a position of
financial independence—to say noth-
ing of being a popular idol. No, I
trust I'm not envious, but sometimes
I feel a bit discouraged when I con-
trast my years of toil with the hop,
skip and jump that lands a round-
faced girl at the front."

TWO GOLDEN DAYS KEPT FREE.

Yesterday and To-Morrow Should Be
Saved from All Worry.

There are two days in the week
upon which and about which I never
worry. Two golden days, kept
sacredly free from fear and apprehen-
sion.

One of these days is yesterday.
Yesterday, with all its cares and frets,
with all its pains and sorrows, has
passed forever beyond the power of
my control, beyond the reach of my
recall. I can not undo an act that I
wrought; I can not recall a word that
I said; I can not calm a storm that
ragged on yesterday. All that it holds
of my life, of regret, or sorrow, or
wrong, is in the hands of the mighty
love that can bring oil out of the rock
and sweet waters out of the bitterest
desert—the love that can make the
wrong things right, and turn mourning
into laughter. Save for the beautiful
memories, sweet and tender, that lin-
ger like perfume of dried roses in the
heart of the day that is gone, I have
nothing to do with yesterday. It was
mine; now it belongs to God.

And the other day I do not worry
over is to-morrow. To-morrow, with
all its possible cares, its burdens, its
sorrows, its perils, its poor perform-
ings and its bitter mistakes, is as far
beyond my reach of mastery as is
its dead sister, yesterday.—Banner of
Gold.

A Fine Hobby.

With all due respect to devotees of
other pastimes, one may venture to re-
mark that no youth could possibly
pass by a model of a modern locomotive
without a few moments' study of
the arrangement of its component
parts. To those who are students of
actual locomotives, and watch with in-
terest their performances, the posses-
sion of an accurate scale model, which
will also work in a manner worthy of
the prototype, is the sum total of their
ambition, save, perhaps, the hope of
some day being privileged to ride on a
real locomotive and handle regu-
lar and reverse lever.—Captain.

Doctors' Fees.

"Do you mean to tell me," asked a
learned counsel, when he was cross-
examining Mr. Whistler in a well-
known case, "that for a piece of work
which only takes you half an hour
you can charge so extravagant a
price?" And Mr. Whistler's answer
remains the classical apology of all
learned and technical skill. "Yes," he
replied, "but I am charging for the
knowledge and experience of a life-
time." A doctor's fee may seem enor-
mous to a patient who is aware that
he has only seen him for 20 minutes.
It still remains true that what is
charged represents that accumulated
mass of hardy earned experience
which distinguishes the medical profes-
sion from the mere amateur.—Lon-
don Telegraph.

India Marriage Lottery.

Every year in the Rumi country, in
India, a marriage lottery is held, usu-
ally in October. The names of all
the marriageable girls and of young
men desirous of matrimony are writ-
ten on slips of paper and thrown into
earthen pots. One of each kind is
drawn out at a time by a wise man.
The youth whose name is drawn out
obtains a letter of introduction to the
young woman whose name accompan-
ies his, and then all that remains for
him to do is to start his love making
at once. The majority of these for-
tuitous courtships turn out admirably
in every way.

REGISTER Office for Job-Work.

Come and Gone!

Christmas is a Thing of the
Past for This Year.

WE have had a Splendid Trade, and
are now going to move out much
of our Winter Goods at a SPECIAL
PRICE, getting ready for Spring.

REMEMBER!

Special Prices on

CLOAKS,
COATS,
OVERCOATS,
SWEATERS,
LADIES' HATS,
MISSES' HATS,
ETC., ETC.

B. N. BROWN,
IRONTON, MO.

CHAS. J. TUAL
Contractor and Builder
IRONTON, MO.

Furnishes Estimates, Plans and Specifica-
tions, on Request.

WARRANTS WHATEVER HE DOES.

Honest Work at Fair Charges.

ON THESE CONDITIONS, YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.

PHONE 48.

The Ironton Meat Market

F. O. CODDING, Proprietor.

(SUCCESSOR TO JOHN NAGEL.)

Dealer in Choice Beef, Veal, Pork, Mutton, Lamb,
Ham, Bacon, Corned Beef, Tongues, Lard, Etc.

Fish and Oysters Friday.
Phone No. 20.

Cash Paid for Poultry
And Hides

The Battle of Life.
There is more adventure in the life
of the working man who descends as
a common soldier into the battle of
life than in that of the millionaire who
sits apart in an office, like Von Moltke,
and only directs the maneuvers by tel-
egraph. Give me to hear about the
career of him who is in the thick of
business; to whom one change of mar-
ket means an empty stomach and
to another a copious and savory meal.
This is not the philosophical but the
human side of economics; it interests
like a story; and the life of all who
are thus situated partakes in a small
way of the charm of Robinson Crusoe;
for every step is critical, and human
life is presented to you naked and
verging to its lowest terms.—Steven-
son.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the
Signature
of
Wm. D. Little

SPECIAL CITY ELECTION.

Notice of Special Election of Council-
man of the City of Ironton, Iron
County, Missouri, to Fill Vacancy:

WHEREAS, the Mayor and Council of the
City of Ironton, at the regular session, held
on the 14th day of December, 1908, have
appointed the undersigned as Judges of the
City Election at the Special Election; and

WHEREAS, the Charter of said City pro-
vides that the Judges thus appointed shall
give notice of the election, we, therefore,
hereby give notice that a Special Election
will be held at the Courtroom in said City,
under the present election laws, on

Thursday, January 7th, 1909,
to elect one Councilman to fill vacancy cre-
ated by Mr. H. M. Collins moving out of
City.

HENRY ADOLPH,
A. L. SCHWAB,
P. A. MYERS,
FRED KINDELL, JR.,
Judges of Election.

WM. R. EDGAR
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
IRONTON, MO.

Practices in all the Courts of the State.